The Wellesley Magazine.

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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STUDENT SELF-GOVERNMENT.

LEGEND tells us that Heimdall, the guardian of the bridge Bifrost, has so keen an ear that he hears the grass growing. The growth of humanity is not always so modestly silent as that of the grass; only the deaf man can shut his ears to the sound of it. Here in Wellesley a member of the faculty may now and then hear echoes of discussions among the students about the advisability of a students' parliament; in fact, a wish for something of the sort has occasionally found expression in the columns of the college paper. The matter is one upon which I have thought much, but on account of my long absence there is not a single member of the faculty with whom I have exchanged a word upon the subject; I must therefore take upon my own shoulders an undivided responsibility for any opinions that I may express.

Perhaps it is safe, however, to hazard a guess that every person connected with the government of the college earnestly desires that the regulation of student life shall rest as largely as possible in the hands of the student com

munity. That such is the general wish of the faculty cannot be doubted by any one who has followed the history of the legislation for the college. The whole matter then rests ultimately with the students themselves. What do the students want? Why do they want it? How can they get what they want? This article is written in the hope of throwing a ray of light upon the immediate practical problems involved in these questions. The answers cannot be given without examining the underlying principles of all government in their application to college government. This path may seem somewhat stony; but

Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus.

THEORY OF GOVERNMENT.

The true end of all government is the self-government of each and all. Manifestly in as far as any person knows what ought to be done and has the power and the will to do it, in so far there is no need that commands be laid upon him by anybody else. This free, intelligent self-direction is the highest prerogative of personality. Hence every act of right government aims (1) to develop in the governed the knowledge of what is best to be done or (2) to secure to them the power or (3) to inspire in them the will to do it; anything else is misgovernment. Theorists disagree about the extent and distribution of these functions; but whoever believes in the exercise of authority of any sort, even over the baby that reaches for the red-hot poker, and at the same time recognizes that the highest good of man can be reached only through his own activity, must assign to government some form of these functions. That such is the true end of government is a proposition that requires no defence here, for in its application to college affairs the principle is admitted and even contended for by those to whom this paper is especially addressed.

Does government exist, then, for the purpose of annihilating itself? By no means, unless we give a superficial meaning to the word "government." It is true that in the State a despotic government, which is better than a chaos of anarchy, trains the nation, in the course of centuries, to assert its right to make its own laws; it is true that in the family the father, through exercise of his authority, trains the son to become independent of that authority; but even our highest aspirations point to no time at which the Ruler of the

universe will abdicate His throne; we shall forever be in a realm of law that we could not change if we would. Were we wrong, then, in asserting that all right government leads to self-government? Yes, unless there be some way of reconciling freedom with conformity to law.

And, indeed, if this reconciliation be not possible, if the subjection of my individual action to a law not of my individual making is a species of slavery, then our so-called self-government is a farce. We may not be put under physical constraint; we may be left to do as we please; but the penalties attached to violation of law are so heavy that we are constrained to please to conform to law. A woman wears a dress trailing upon the street, if fashion so prescribes, even though she feels degraded thereby, just as the President of the United States submits to laws passed over his veto. Since to be free is to be a law unto one's self, there are those who do actually regard all law as a diminution of freedom. The superficial character of this reasoning cannot be explained here, but some light may be had upon the subject by a consideration of rights in various relations.

When one person agrees to do a piece of work for another, neither party has any rights under the contract, except such as are expressed or implied in the contract. The employee, for example, may in some circumstances have a right to break the contract if the work does not suit him, but within the limits of the stipulation he must do his work as the employer directs, if he does it at all. But this is not an abridgment of his freedom; for he need not make the contract unless he chooses, so that what binds him is not the command of his employer, but his own choice.

But we find ourselves in many relations of subordination into which we did not enter by any will of our own. We shall best understand these by examining the most comprehensive type, our relation to the supreme law of the universe. That law is over us in as far as we are ignorant and weak and wilful. It is the awful ideal saying to us sternly,

> "I am the drawn sword barring the lanes thy mutinous feet
> Vainly covet for greenness. Loitering pace or fleet,
> Thine is the crag-path chosen. * * *
> * * * * * * *
> I am thine Angel of Judgment; mine eyes thou must meet in the end."

But this ideal is not merely over us; it is in us; it is what in very truth we are, what in all our striving we are seeking to be; it says,

"At the inmost core of thy being I am a burning fire
From thine own altar-flame kindled in the hour when souls aspire ;
For know that men's prayer shall be answered, and guard thy spirit's desire.

"That which thou would'st be thou must be, that which thou shalt be thou art ;
As the oak, astir in the acorn, the dull earth rendeth apart,
Lo, thou, the seed of thy longing, that breaketh and waketh the heart!"

Hence it is our own law, and to will that law is not to be subject to some foreign power; rather is it the only true freedom.

The great social institutions into which we are born derive their authority from the fact that only in and through them can we win this highest freedom. The two forms of social organism obviously necessary for the existence of society are the family and the State. We need not consider all that is involved in the respective functions of these institutions; but we must take a glance at certain conspicuous differences between them. The distinctive office of the family as a form of government is to educate the child for self-government, *i. e.*, to enlighten and discipline him to such a point that he will thereafter develop normally rather by directing his own affairs than by having them directed for him. Submission to the father's authority is not slavery; if willing, it is freedom for the child, though it would not be freedom for the man. The self-government for which the family has laid the foundation is achieved in the free State. Here again the individual is subject to an authority that does not change with his caprice; but this relation to his fellow-citizens, so far from limiting his freedom, is the very condition of the possibility of freedom. For positive freedom is not merely absence of compulsion. To be free is to be one's self, and a person can be fully himself only in union with other persons, solicitous for their good as for his own, knowing no good for himself apart from theirs, consequently in the State identifying his will with the organic will of the people.

Between the forms of government under which we are born and the simple relation of contract lies a great class of cases (among which the church is often supposed to be included), voluntary associations for the attainment of an end desired in common by the persons so associated. In most of these cases the authority exercised by the governing body has the appearance of resting ultimately solely upon contract; but this explanation is frequently superficial. One such form of complex organization we may now proceed to consider.

THEORY OF COLLEGE GOVERNMENT.

Suppose the case of a college conducted by a private individual for the purpose of making money. Here the relation between the student and the college is one of contract. The contracting parties have a right to fix their own terms; the student can go elsewhere if he is not pleased, or the proprietor of the college can refuse to receive any one who is unwilling to comply with the conditions proposed. If now the owner of the college decides to stop making money, if he gives the student the free use of the college buildings and furnishings, if he makes the tuition barely high enough to pay current expenses, it is evident that he has not thereby lost his right to dictate his own terms. If, further, he never made money out of it, if he founded it out of pure enthusiasm for education, surely that does not abrogate any of his rights.

But by this time we feel the presence of other relations than those of contract. Manifestly obligations now rest upon the student beyond those that he has actually promised to perform. He is bound to further the ends for which the college was founded and even to be influenced by the personal wishes of the founder. But on the other hand we realize more clearly certain obligations of the founder. The personal relation, which is in fact latent in all cases of contract, has come to the surface. We see that the student has rights not stipulated, not indeed rights under the contract, but rights over and above the contract. He is a human being and has a right to have his interests taken into account in all human relations. In this instance he is a person to be educated, and by the very act of founding a college for this purpose the founder has bound himself to give as good an education as possible.

Yet we must not forget that this obligation of the founder does not make it allowable for the student to assert any new rights. It is the founder who must decide what will promote the cause of education; he is answerable at the bar, not of the student's judgment, but of his own conscience. Hence the student must conform to his terms just as unqualifiedly as if the relation were simply one of contract.

If, now, the founder leaves the college in the hands of trustees, the trustees must carry out the general purpose of the founder. In as far as he has not prescribed details they must use their own judgment as to the methods to

be employed and as to the conditions to be imposed upon the students. The student is subject to such conditions just as if they were determined by the founder.

But in one point a new phase appears. If the founder had chosen to do so, he might have given over the whole college into the hands of the students, permanently relinquishing all control of it. The trustees have no such liberty. In accepting the charge, they have accepted an inalienable responsibility for the government of the college. They may at their discretion commit the actual administration to some one else, to the faculty or to the students or to a special governing board or to the president of the college; but they remain responsible, and if the management is unwise they must resume direct control or appoint new deputies. If, as commonly happens, they govern chiefly through the faculty, then the faculty is answerable to them, not to the students. The students are bound as strictly as in any case of contract by all the conditions imposed. Moreover, the faculty are no more able than the trustees to lay aside their authority. They are compelled in virtue of their office to make such rules as are necessary to carry out the will of the trustees. They must allow to the students such a measure of self-government as seems to them best to accomplish the purpose for which they were appointed; but such self-government can never be demanded by the students as a right, just because the responsibility for deciding how far such a course is wise rests with the faculty and not with the students. Hence also any privileges accorded must remain subject to withdrawal at the discretion of the faculty.

Since, therefore, the authority of the faculty is a rightful authority, the true freedom of the student consists in willing recognition of it; for the very first condition of freedom is acceptance of rightful authority. This recognition takes at first the form of simple obedience; but as the student sees more and more the reason that lies behind the laws, the freedom of obedience passes by degrees into the freedom of fellowship in striving together for a common end. For, unless a college is almost inconceivably misgoverned, the rules express no arbitrary will of the faculty, but the mature judgment of a body of thoughtful persons as to the conditions under which alone the student can obtain the very things for which he came.

The relation, then, between the student and the college is partly that of

contract, partly like that of a family in which the father has not yet wholly relinquished his control. From neither point of view has the student body any right analogous to that of a nation to assert and enforce its claim to self-government.

All this is merely the expression, I think, of what is already believed by every thoughtful student. If any one hesitates about it, let her ask herself one question. If the students had the power, would they also have the right to take possession of the college government by force? The nation has such a right; if the students have not, that involves all that I am trying to show. Every college faculty accepts without hesitation such rules as the trustees think it best to lay down for the control of either faculty or students; in a like spirit our earnest-minded students have always accepted the authority of the faculty.

THE PRACTICAL PROBLEM.

Must the Wellesley student, then, sit with folded arms, "waiting for something to turn up"? By no means. If that were my view I should assuredly not spend my time in writing this article. For if self-government is not a formal right that can be demanded by the students, neither is it a favor to be graciously accorded by the faculty when they happen to feel in an obliging mood; it is rather the common end for which faculty and students alike are striving. On the part of the faculty it is not often talked about, simply because it is uniformly taken for granted as the end to be sought. If this is not true, the whole history of their legislation becomes unintelligible. Year after year they have actively and incessantly labored for this end, with what measure of success let any one judge who has seen the changes of a dozen or even half a dozen years, and I know no limit to the process except such as is set by the students themselves.

The practical questions, then, recur. What is wanted? Why is it wanted? How can it be achieved? The answers that I see to these questions are not independent of one another, but grow out of one another.

1. The students really want primarily not the shadow of self-government but the substance of it. A South American republic, freer in form than England, is not half so free in reality. If the sober judgment of the students does actually have power to shape the college life, the way in which

it does so is a matter, not indeed of indifference, but of secondary importance. Let them but get the thing and the form will in due time take care of itself.

2. The students want whatever they want, not merely in order to govern *themselves*, but in order to *govern* themselves. They do not want to throw off all restraint that they may be able to do whatever they like; they want to apply their best wisdom to regulate their likings in growing harmony with ever growing ideals. Freedom is no child's play; it is stern, resolute self-determination.

3. How can the students govern themselves? Simply by doing it. Not all at once, of course, but there is at present a wide scope for their energies in the regulation of matters already within their reach. The hare thought that the first steps could be taken at any time; we know who won the race. Alexander is reputed to have sighed for more worlds to conquer, but he stopped short before he had conquered this one. If the students exercise such powers as they already have, I do not think they will ever reach a limit at which their progress will be barred.

4. No far-seeing student desires the adoption of a ready-make system, either imported or manufactured to order, for any system to be effective must be a growth native to the soil and developed in adjustment to all the conditions here existing. "Evolution, not revolution."

5. There still remains the question of immediate method. Just how are the students to exercise the power already in their possession? That is for the students to say, for until they can themselves answer this question, they have not grown even to the measure of their present opportunities. Two or three years ago the problem seemed to be solved. The Students' Association was formed for this very purpose and was supposed to be the germ of all good things, so that I expected to find it upon my return a large and influential organization, shaping the college life in higher forms than had been seen before. This seemed like an ideal mode—or rather, *the* ideal mode—of development. For some reason as occult as that which determines the growth of the trees so carefully planted on Tree-day, these hopes have not been fulfilled. The very existence of the Association is somewhat hard to discover. I have heard various reasons assigned for not joining it; none of them have seemed to me satisfactory, and I should have thought most of

them reasons rather for joining it than for holding aloof. But if the students think otherwise there is nothing more to be said. Except indeed this. What an organization formed on the lines of the Students' Association cannot do, no organization can do. If the students do not want this or something like this, then they do not want an organization at all, but can make progress only by developing an intelligent public opinion about the needs of college life by means of individual effort. Which method will they take?

This article, you will see, is not a forensic in defence of the faculty side of the question, to be scanned eagerly for flaws by the defenders of the student side. I recognize no such "sides." There is but one set of interests, and those, taken directly, are the student interests. Neither am I presenting anything that can be called distinctively a faculty point of view. The only satisfactory condition is one in which the faculty and the students think alike, and I have tried to say nothing that would not command the ready assent of all who think of the subject seriously. Neither have I written even as a member of the faculty, but rather as a person vitally interested in the students as persons, zealous, therefore, not indeed for some particular form of organized college life among the students, but for their essential right to grow into individual and corporate self-direction.

MARY S. CASE.

Only a little way across the land,—
But though the path seem long and rest full sweet,
A little stream goes laughing through the grass,
A little stream goes laughing where we pass,
Laugh, too, my heart, for joy hath wingèd feet.

Only a little way across the land,—
But though the path seemed narrow where we passed
A little bird goes winging toward the sky,
A little bird that wings and sings on high;
Wing, too, my heart, Eternity is vast.

ADA S. WOOLFOLK, '91.

THE DRAMA OF THE GEORGIAN PERIOD.

WHEN land grows poor, man, in order to enrich the soil, sows it with some profitable and usually homely vegetable. This is precisely what was done in the field of literature during the eighteenth century to remedy the exhaustion following upon the Elizabethan period. Man sowed form, metre, and didacticism broadcast, and when the process of fertilization was complete there arose, amid the other flowers of poesie that bloomed in the later Georgian period, the drama — a flaming, blood-red blossom, an angry, blazing thing, with nothing of odor save where it had been crossed with lyric flowers and had become a hybrid.

It is of this hybrid that I purpose speaking. The sickly, sentimental attempts at a revival of the Shakespearian drama were mediocre in the extreme, but the lyrical dramas of Byron and Shelley, though failing in a certain sense as dramas, demand a place among the successes of our century when regarded as works of art and of thought.

There are certain great, glorious flowers that belittle our drawing-rooms and we are compelled to leave them out of doors. There are certain great, glorious dramas that belittle our play-houses, and these too we are compelled to leave out of doors. They are the dramas of the early nineteenth century, the dramas that breathe the spirit of the French Revolution, the dramas whose keynote is passion, passion general or passion particular, but always passion.

From among these passion-flowers, and they are not numerous, I have selected five of the most distinctive for analysis. These are *Remorse*, by Coleridge; *Cain* and *Manfred*, by Lord Byron; *The Prometheus Unbound* and *The Cenci*, by Shelley.

Remorse, in this case the passion individual, and a sickly, dwarfish, fiery-scarlet blossom, I feel no compunctions in pulling to pieces, petal by petal, in order to show the unhealthiness at its heart. The Byron tragedies deserve, perhaps, to be less ruthlessly mutilated. *The Prometheus Unbound*, the passion general, may in this brief space be given to you by its perfume alone, that from the delicate fragrance of its lyrics you may image to yourselves the beauty of the flower. And *The Cenci* let us press carefully, for it is a most rare and perfect specimen sprung from the seed of the Middle Ages, a seed which has in other cases failed to flourish in our nineteenth century atmosphere.

Beginning, then, with Coleridge, we find *Remorse*, as treated by the poet, to be a cowardly passion, appearing in the heart of the villain only when all hope of gain is lost. The drama in its structure reminds one of Schiller's *Rauber* and is even more inadequately handled.

As the story goes, Don Alvar, eldest son of Marquis Valdez, has been basely deceived by his brother, Don Ordonio; the younger brother having attempted to bring about the murder of Don Alvar in order to himself obtain possession of Alvar's betrothed, Donna Teresa, the orphan heiress. The play ends with the death of Ordonio and the union of Alvar and Teresa. I believe I am safe in saying that the plot does not startle us by its originality; and the characters impress us in much the same manner. They are puppets worked by strings of passion, and Coleridge is unskilful in his management of the strings. He jerks them too violently; his hand does not possess the nicety, the finesse important for complete success. The characters are neither individuals, nor yet types, they are sentimental ideals, either "very very good" or "very very bad," or imbecile.

Coleridge has used the drama as a medium for conveying to the public his own views concerning philosophy and nature, and his views are excellent, we honor them, but we claim that in so advancing them he has made an illegitimate use of the drama, and has slain the personalities of his characters.

I quote a few lofty passages:

> "Great Evils ask great Passions to redress them,
> And Whirlwinds fitliest scatter pestilence."

Mark the author of *The Ancient Mariner* in these lines:

> "If every atom of a dead man's flesh
> Should creep, each one with a particular life,
> Yet all as cold as ever — 'T was just so.
> Or had it drizzled needle-points of frost
> Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald."

Such sentiments as the preceding are voiced by men, women, servants, heroes, and villains alike.

The fact that Coleridge has so palpably endeavored to cast his drama in the Shakespearian mould causes it by this conversational defect to present a most shriveled and ridiculous aspect.

The finest touch is the little lyric. It is to Coleridge the singer to whom belongs the triumph, if there be a triumph in the play. The little song is a bit of perfectness:

"Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall midnight breezes swell
With thy deep, long-lingering knell.

"And at evening ever more
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the Chaunters, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful Masses chaunt for thee,
Miserere Domine.

"Hark! the cadence dies away
On the yellow, moonlight sea;
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine."

Cain and *Manfred*, the dramas of Lord Byron, fail because of the impossibility of following out their mechanical details. We cannot follow Cain and Lucifer through the abyss of space, and to attempt such a representation upon the stage would but make the situation absurd, and detract from the oratorical sublimity of such passages as:

"Oh! thou beautiful
And unimaginable ether! and
Ye multiplying masses of increased
And still increasing lights! what are ye? what
Is this blue wilderness interminable
Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen
The leaves along the limpid streams of Eden?
Is your course measured for ye? Or do ye
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry
Through an aerial universe of endless
Expansion? At which my soul aches to think,
Intoxicated with eternity."

It should be understood that I am not in the present instance praising Lord Byron's handling of blank verse, which is execrable, but simply his excellent oratory.

Byron calls the *Cain* a "mystery," and he has followed to some extent in the short dialogues the naive method pursued in the old miracle and mystery plays, but what delights us artistically as we read, we would not tolerate upon our modern stage. Again, the long speeches of Cain and Lucifer, while wonderful as examples of sustained Miltonic eloquence, do not contain sufficient action to render them successful on the stage.

As a dramatic poem there is a dignity, a loftiness, a control, in the *Cain*, which we do not feel in any other of Lord Byron's works. The sense of the newness and uninhabitedness of the earth is borne in upon us. There is a great, gloomy silence brooding over the drama — the silence of uncreate humanity. We are made to feel the greatness, and at the same time the impossibility of comprehending the greatness of space and eternity; while Cain and even Lucifer stand before us as pygmies, writhing in the presence of inexorable fate.

In character delineation, as in passion, Byron's drama surpasses that of Coleridge. One feels the personality of Cain; the struggle of the man against heredity, environment, fate. The deed he has to do hangs like a thunder-cloud over himself and all the earth, his heritage; and when it is accomplished, there follows for a moment that sense of relief found in the first lightning flash of a gathering storm, before the rain comes down.

There is a stateliness, a restraint, in the *Cain* that is lacking in *Manfred*. The passion of the mystery is such a world-embracing passion, that to turn to the discontented ravings of a man, who, with the experience of a Cain behind him, has yet presumed to sin and then to complain, gives us a sense of pettiness, and for the moment it is difficult to realize the similarity existing between the two characters. Cain represents man before the commission of crime; Manfred, a man after the commission of crime. In *Manfred* the Byronic selfishness is displayed in all its vigor. The passion is again remorse, but remorse more originally treated than by Coleridge.

The unimportance of all the characters, save Manfred himself, and the difficulty of adequately representing the Alps in the foreground of a stage, render the drama as unsuccessful as the mystery.

Here, again, the lyrical touches are the finest. The singer triumphs. Some of the songs seem feeble shadows of those in the *Prometheus;* they are not strong but they are quaint:

"In the blue depths of the waters,
Where the wave hath no strife,
  Where the wind is a stranger,
And the sea-snake hath life,
  Where the mermaid is decking
Her green hair with shells,
  Like the storm on the surface
Came the sound of thy spells;
  O'er my calm hall of coral.
The deep echo roll'd
  To the spirit of Ocean
Thy wishes unfold."

Also:

"When the moon is on the wave
And the glow-worm in the grass,
  And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass;
  When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answered owls are hooting,
  And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
  Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign."

The Prometheus Unbound is the purest, the loftiest expression of dramatic passion in all this passionate period; and to attain this purity Shelley had to lift it above the abode of men into the region of gods and Titans. It is a drama of type, symbol, spirit. It is a drama of universal experience, and its scene is the universe. It fails of dramatic representation as the others have done, and more mightily. What human could personate Demo-gorgon.

"A mighty darkness — ungazed upon and shapeless. Neither limb nor form nor outline."

Through its choruses, its semi-choruses, and its classic theme, we see that it partakes of the elements of the Greek drama, but Shelley has so shaped and modified these elements as to make them all his own. The lyrical element is more strongly marked in this than in any other of the tragedies; it is one immense song, more like an oratorio than a drama. Every line swells with musical feeling.

To attempt to discuss the *Prometheus* in five minutes, or two pages, would be impossible. It rings with the loftiness of humanity, the uselessness of law, the supreme power of love. It is a drama of revolt, as

are the others, but of revolt so spiritualized as to have seemingly lost all the essence of hate. But in nothing does the imagination of the poet triumph more fully than in the songs and color pictures of the drama.

"On a poet's lips I slept,
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept.
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aerial kisses
Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illume
The yellow bees in the ivy bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be:
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality.
One of these awakened me,
And I sped to succor thee."

Again:

"Beneath is a wide plain of billowy mist,
As a lake, paving, in the morning sky,
With azure waves which burst in silver light,
Some Indian vale. Behold it rolling on
Under the curdling winds, and islanding
The peak whereon we stand, mid-way around,
Encinctured by the dark and blooming forests,
Dim twilight lawns, and stream-illumed caves,
And wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mist;
And far on high the keen sky-cleaving mountains
From icy spires of sunlike radiance fling
The dawn, as lifted ocean's dazzling spray,
From some Atlantic islet scattered up,
Spangles the wind with lamp-like water-drops."

Of *The Cenci* Shelley himself says:

"I am exceedingly interested in the question whether this attempt of mine will succeed or not. I am strongly inclined to the affirmative at present, founding my hopes on this — that, as a composition, it is certainly not inferior to any of the modern plays that have been acted, with the exception of *Remorse;* that the interest of the plot is incredibly greater and more real; and that there is nothing beyond what the multitude are contented to believe they can understand, either in imagery, opinion or sentiment."

That the drama has not been acted more often is due to the gloom and horror of the plot, not to any weakness of thought, treatment or mechanical detail. It is the horrible story of Beatrice Cenci and her father. And the marvel of it is that a genius of Shelley's type could have produced such a work. Again I quote his words: "I have been cautious to avoid introducing the faults of youthful composition, diffuseness, a profusion of inapplicable imagery, vagueness, generality, and, as Hamlet says, 'words, words.'" And he has succeeded in all things where Coleridge has failed. He has moulded according to the art of Shakespeare but with the hand of Shelley, and no one can call him an imitator. In every particular the drama has succeeded, for with all its sickening horror and dramatic intensity it has been successfully placed on the stage.

Nor is the lyric element lacking — but it is subordinated, as it should be. The little woeful song is one of the daintiest touches:

"False friend, wilt thou smile or weep
When my life is laid asleep?
Little cares for a smile or a tear
The clay-cold corpse upon the bier.
Farewell! Heigh-ho!
What is this whispers low?
There is a snake in thy smile my dear,
And bitter poison within thy tear.

"Sweet sleep! were death like to thee,
Or if thou could'st mortal be,
I would close these eyes of pain
When to wake? Never again.
O world! Farewell!
Listen to the passing bell!
It says thou and I must part,
With a light and a heavy heart."

In the other tragedies which we have discussed, we may say that it is this expansiveness of passion, this tendency of mind to appropriate to itself all of matter, to make the whole of nature witness to its throes, that causes at once the success and the failure of the Georgian drama.

The Cenci is the one exception to the rule. It is out of place, out of time. It belongs to the age of Elizabeth. But it proves that the art of Shakespeare has not died.

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

PEN PICTURES.

A Firelight Picture.

The fire is low, the lamps unlighted, and the whole room so dusky one can just discern dim outlines of familiar objects. Putting a fresh stick on the fire, and curling myself up in a corner of the lounge, out of sight of the blaze, I watch, with half-shut eyes, the flickering shadows.

As the fire begins to kindle, the light glances along the floor, dies down again, then, growing brighter, sends little gleams up over the piano-stool and brings out the clear white and black of the piano keys. It does not show how old and shabby the stool is nor how worn the carpet.

As, bolder yet, it creeps higher and higher, all the little knick-knacks on the old piano come into view, the deep red of the rose in the little vase and the music open on the rack. It shows the violin still lying where it was laid down when the hand that used to draw its music forth grew too tired to hold the bow. Over that the light seems to linger.

Just above the piano the soft colors of a painting begin to shine out. Beyond I can see, a little in the shadow, the old-fashioned corner what-not, with its books and some curious shells from over the seas.

And as the soft glow fills the room, from the other wall, beside the what-not, the face of the Madonna looks down on the scene with tender gravity.

Mary Grace Caldwell.

The Old Homestead.

It was a lonely spot right in the heart of the Berkshire Hills. An old, unpainted, one-story farm-house was the only dwelling in sight. It stood in the midst of a small garden, surrounded by a fence overgrown with blackberry vines. A broad piazza extended along the front of this house, and gave it an air of homely comfort. A pot of red geraniums bloomed in one of the windows; the old family cat dozed in the rocking-chair on the stoop; an attractive smell of doughnuts came from the kitchen.

A few feet from the house flowed an active brook, small, but unfailing. The boards which crossed this stream at the road were rotten and moss-covered.

Around the corner of the piazza on a wooden bench were arranged the

milk cans, reflecting the sun in a shining row. Just back of the house stood several large barns. Chickens ran about the yard. Across the road was a large pasture where the cows were grazing.

Wooded hills surrounded the place, leaving just an opening through which the river made its way. When the mistress of the farm-house sat in her low chair on the piazza, sewing, the crowning touch was added to the scene.

GRACE WOODIN.

AN ATTIC PLAY-ROOM.

THE walls are of bare boards; overhead are rafters gray with cobwebs; the floor has but a small square of old-fashioned carpet, and yet the children think it the best place in the house. For there is no table with delicate knick-knacks to upset, no paint to mar, and if the doors do slam, mamma cannot hear them.

What a jolly place it is in rainy weather, with its hammock and swing, its great bureau with drawers full of treasures, and especially the plaything box. Ancient and honorable, but battered and worn, it stands in its corner. Its contents are a wonderful assortment from rattles to walking-dolls. The children of the house, tiring of them, have laid them aside for newer toys. But to the unfamiliar eyes of small visitors they are delightful.

The centre of interest is the playhouse, a remarkable structure, painted baby-blue. In the dainty parlor, the fashionable young dolls are entertaining their friends with cambric tea, while the quiet old ladies stiffly recline on the sofa, or lean against the wall, playing chaperon. In the bed-room, the baby is asleep in the cradle, as quiet as if the French nurse were not unfamiliar with drugs. Down-stairs, Dinah, black and plump, is cooking, while the maid is laying the table for dinner. It is, indeed, a model establishment, except occasionally, when its many mistresses disturb the tranquility.

EDITH D. DEXTER.

"NOVEMBER NINTH."

The very gods weep with me to-day! I raise my eyes, and I can see our flag damply flapping above a certain, "I. Wise, Importer of Absinthe, Vermouth," and a lot of other fiendish broths.

I. Wise is a Democrat, and I never before saw the flag of the United States look so much like a longitudinal stick of peppermint candy.

EMILY HOWARD FOLEY.

WHEN THE BALL WAS OVER ; OR, A MIDNIGHT FANTASIA.

IT was midnight, the trunk-rooms were alive with the trunks of departed maidens scurrying hither and thither in expectant confusion. The great turtle of the fifth floor centre paddled back and forth through the waves of opalescent ether—a most distinguished master of ceremonies.

The specimens of all geologic ages turned in their sleep with premonitory groans. The crow and the jay, stuffed to the beak with musical ability, sat high on their perch listening to the vibrations of the forked tongue of the boa-constrictor tuned for this momentous occasion. The little Aztec doll awoke the birds of the orchestra, then stepped proudly away on the arm of the monkey's skeleton, while the sleepy musicians rubbed their drowsy eyes and took their places one after another on the rail overhanging the central abyss. The gaunt and shaggy moose yawned. His case cracked and the giant vertebrate stalked forth to join the gathering throng.

"The curios came by twos, by twos,
Even as low as the Indians' shoes."

The glass doors in the wall swung softly ajar, and all the elite of the fifth floor—exclusive of Charles, Mrs. Ransom and the Phi Sigma owl—assembled to do honor to Harriet Martineau, who, having thrown aside her wonted air of gravitation, had kindly consented to grace the first and last ball of the season.

Weird was the scene ; wild and shrill rose the notes of the bird orchestra, yet unheard were they by mortal ears. Trunks, skeletons, hand-bags, animals and curios mingled in swift-moving fantasies of the dance. The turtle led, with the handsomest Saratogan of the West End clinging bewitchingly to his arm. A row of sand-pipers lined the back of the patient Python, who wound his sinuous way through the mazes of a waltz with inimitable grace. So perfectly did he maintain his equilibrium that not a single sand-piper was spilled, or lost his harmonic poise. Merriment gleamed from the eyes of the animals and the buckles of the trunk straps.

The festivity was at its height when an awful crash reverberated from afar. The dancers swept on. Again a sound, now like the roll of distant thunder. Again, and yet again. Faster and faster whirled the dance ; wilder, shriller, came the music, as the creatures, now mad with terror, swung nearer and nearer to the orchestra rail. Once more the awful sound ; a gleam of white upon the topmost stair and the spinning figures turned in

one huge, struggling mass upon each other. For the Backwoodsman, the mortal enemy alike of nature and of art was close upon them. In one rounded, inextricable mass they surged against the rail—horrible thought! —the *ball* was over—over the railing. But stranger than all was the thing that then befell it. Swaying gently it hung poised, for one terrible moment of suspense, over the darkness of the Centre; then rose with an awful cry, shout, slam, roar, shriek, blended into one, burst the skylight and whirled into space to be rediscovered a few days later as a new asteroid.

Harriet Martineau was left behind, but since the Backwoodsman felt for her some structural affinity, he only kicked her softly down stairs, the effect of which induced the preternatural steadiness of manner that she has ever since maintained.

Perhaps you don't believe that the trunks, the birds, the snakes, the curios, the turtle and the moose all went off in a ball. Very well, you need not; but that is because your eyes are not good enough to perceive the unreality of matter, and the subjectiveness of asteroid-forming spirit.

Authors, P. S. Eudo Kipling.
Pseuda Balestier.

ALL-HALLOWS' E'EN.

'Tis Hallows' E'en,
The frosty sky is bright
With deep-set gems.
The moon's kiss falls in sweet
Beneficence upon the earth.
Methinks it is a blessing
On our heads, my love,
This Hallows' E'en.

'Tis Hallows' E'en.
What spirits flit about
On yonder wood,
Like shades upon the banks
Of silent Styx? You start, my sweet,
Nay, 'tis the oak-trees parting
With their leaves. They sigh
This Hallows' E'en.

'Tis Hallows' E'en.
Bright Autumn's death is here,
And Winter reigns.
But is it Death? Ah, no,
A holy rest and peace o'er all,
That yields its benediction
To our hearts, my love,
This Hallows' E'en.

Agnes S. Cook.

THE MINUET.

THEY danced the minuet. He was a beau of London town and she but a country belle. The floor gleamed with the soft light of many tapers, and the air throbbed with the song of spinnet and viol. The jewels of the ladies burned and flashed, their tiny heels tinkled upon the polished floor, and the soft swish of their gowns was heard. They waved their fans and their lips parted in happy smiles. The beaux leaned over them. Their buckles sparkled and their dark eyes gleamed beneath their powdered wigs.

They danced the minuet. He was tall and straight and good to look upon, and she was young and round and fair. They trod a measure. He was full of dignity and grace, and right daintily she trod her steps. He bowed low. She courtesied. A tiny powdered curl fell down her ear.

They danced the minuet. His head bent low and he whispered in her ear. Her round cheek flushed, her dimples hid away and her eyes looked down. He clasped her hand and led her off. The minuet was ended.

MILDRED FEENY.

A TALE TWO CENTURIES OLD.

"Will it be to-morrow, then, Jan?"

"Have I not said there is no danger, Annettje? Ever is a woman's tongue longer than her ears! To-morrow, I mow the swamp meadow."

Jan Jansen spoke with unwonted acidity; for nothing is more fatal to the temper than the inward suspicion of being in the wrong, and it was, perhaps, the necessity of silencing his own scruples, as well as those of the inconvenient Annettje, that gave to his tone its unusual sharpness. He pushed back his chair from the table with an air of decision; filled his pipe with much deliberation, and sat puffing great clouds of smoke, through which appeared mistily his weatherbeaten, impassive face. Apparently, he had quite convinced himself. Annettje said no more, for, in spite of Jan Jansen's masculine sneer, Dutch women in those days were not given to over-much talking, and would sooner have thought of questioning the course of Nature than the will of their lords and masters. Yet it is one thing to be silent, another, to be convinced; and Annettje's fears, whatever they might be, were not altogether at rest; her face wore a troubled gravity as she moved about her customary household tasks.

Had she not, too, good reason for her fears? It was now many days since the first rumors of Indian outbreak in the English settlements to the north had reached the little Dutch colony, and report said that the friendly tribes in their own neighborhood were to join in a common Indian war. Already most of Jan Jansen's neighbors had betaken themselves to the Block House, or rude fort, in the heart of the settlement proper. And only that morning, John Westcott, who had lately married Annettje's daughter Marutje, had returned to his father-in-law's dwelling to urge him to fly to the place of safety; for tidings had come of a horrible massacre in the English colony just beyond them. But Jan Jansen was immovable. He had never been reconciled to Marutje's marriage with a good-for-nothing, flighty Englishman, and he was *a-priori* disposed to disbelieve, or treat as exaggeration whatever his son-in-law might say. The reports had been brought by English vagabonds whom nobody knew anything about; he considered them highly improbable, and he was firmly convinced that whatever Englishmen might have to fear no changes could come to peaceable Dutchmen, who dealt honestly with the Indians and minded their own business. And for himself, Cowescoman, chief of the Mohekanders, was his personal friend, whom he had sheltered beneath his roof many a time. He saw no reason why he should leave his good grain to rot in the field because men had turned women. So John Westcott rode away in some heat, leaving behind him the parting fling, that if Jan Jansen wished to trust himself to the faith of a lying Indian, there was nothing to be said, but he might remember Annettje and the children, a remark which rankled in Jansen's mind, and gave rise to some testiness, when Annettje, as we have seen, ventured to reopen the subject at the tea-table. Nor must we be too hard upon honest Jan; he was lacking neither in prudence nor affection. But he had to pay the too frequent penalty of a strong will more or less unconsciously blind to possible, not-to-be-desired consequences. Having satisfied himself, he felt no room for outside opinion, and presently composed himself for his evening nap with the utmost serenity.

Meantime, Annettje's forebodings became the stronger that she tried to force them from her mind. And when she sat down for a few minutes in the open doorway, to let the cool air fan her forehead, as her custom was when work was done, she could have sworn there was something uncanny

in the usually peaceful scene. The sun had gone down in that peculiar cloudless luridity which sometimes marks the close of an extremely warm day, and against that sky the masses of the unbroken forest seemed to rise with something spectral in their outlines; even the well-known out-buildings and open spaces seemed ominous in their very familiarity; and when the melancholy, long-drawn cry of the whippoorwill broke the stillness close beside her, she started and shuddered. "'Tis a bird of ill omen," said she, half involuntarily. "Now may God defend us all!"

With that indefinable fear upon her, it was a relief, when a cry most unmistakably human and familiar called her within doors. There sat the small Wyntie upon the floor; her pudgy little hands in her eyes, her flaxen braids quivering with terror and grief, giving forth shriek after shriek with all the force of three-year-old lungs. Peter, who was seven, and felt himself already mature, stood beside her, with the expression on his face as of a narrator who has met with more than anticipated success.

"Peter," said his mother, "what foolish tales art thou telling?"

"Nothing," answered Peter, resistantly. "It is Wyntie that is a small baby. I said that if the bad Indians came, I would kill them all dead. Thou art not afraid, art thou, mother?"

"We had need of a stronger defender than thou, Peter, lad," said Annettje, gravely, forced to turn her attention to the comfort of Wyntie, who had thrown herself flat in the abandon of terror. "Thou'rt a foolish little lass, Wyntie," she said, taking the child up; "dost not feel mother's about thee? Thou should'st not heed Peter; he is telling tales he knows naught of. Thy father has said there is no danger for us. Always we have done well by the red men, and need have naught now to fear. Besides, are we not all in the hands of the good God?"

Annettje was talking as much to herself as to the child, who needed indeed no further reassuring than that given by her mother's breast, and soon fell asleep there. Annettje laid her down in the low trundle-bed, and as she smoothed the coverlet over her, felt marvellously comforted. It was difficult really to believe that harm would come to what she held so dear. And although her fears returned in somewhat grisly shape when she wakened in the night, by morning she was able to face them with the new courage that is born of sunlight. The day indeed passed quietly, with no

break in its ordinary routine, though Jan Jansen was gone all day in the swamp meadow with the eldest boy Epke; and at sundown her fears of yesterday seemed dim against that peaceful day.

Nevertheless, it was a great relief to her mind when she discerned that evening brought, as she thought, certain signs of restlessness and dubitation in her husband's temper. His mind, indeed, was of that slow-moving, self-acting order, which resists all guidance, but will often, if judiciously left alone, drift of itself into the desired channel. Having nothing to resist his will, his natural prudence was beginning to make itself heard. Annettje believed that could he do so with dignity, he would gladly revoke his decision of yesterday. She was not surprised, therefore, when he announced at breakfast the next morning that the swamp meadow would be finished by noonday, and that he intended that afternoon to go with some of his surplus crops to the settlement.

"The barn is over-full already," said Jan Jansen, "I doubt not I shall find ready buyers, for I hear that Wiert Peters is but scantily provisioned." Now Wiert Peters was the leader of the little force at the Block House, and Annettje rightly took the speech for the only open concession to her wishes that Jan Jansen would be likely to make. In the new relief that made the Block House seem the very haven of safety, she quite forgot what possible dangers might lie beyond that refuge. Nor did her fears awake until the mid-afternoon came and Jan and the boy had not returned. With the lengthening shadows her anxiety grew indeed, till at last she started down towards the meadow to look for signs of their coming.

Well was it that she did so, for as she descended the slope on which the house stood, she saw a figure coming toward her, at full speed, yet running heavily as one on the verge of falling. It was the boy Epke, who grasped her hands as she rushed towards him, gasping out, "Thank God it is thou, mother! I could go no further." And Annettje needed not his hurried, difficult words to tell her that her fear had come upon her, that Jan was dead, that Epke was dying, that almost at any moment the treacherous murderers might be at her doors. In that one brief instant when the boy sank at her feet, Annettje tasted all the bitterness of death.

Yet still were there left to her three dear lives. Might she indeed save them, there was room for courage and action; and Annettje did not fail.

It seemed the work of a moment to fly to the house, to seize the baby from her cradle, to bid Peter take Wyntie by the hand and follow her. They must hide themselves in the smoke-house, which standing some distance away, was hidden by a fall in the ground, and screened by a clump of tall bushes; perchance it might escape the sharp eyes of the Indians and their flaring fire-brands, and it had, too, a cellar-like vault underneath which might save them should worst come to worst. The thought of it had flashed like a sudden inspiration into Annettje's mind in that one tense instant when she rose from Epke's side, and toward it she now urged the frightened children. It was, perhaps, indicative of Annettje's mind that even in that hurried flight she thought to snatch the great brown loaf from the table lest the children be hungry, and to fasten securely the door of the house that none should discover it had been but lately deserted. Scarcely had the smoke-house door closed upon them when a savage yell coming from the direction of the house warned them they were but just in time. Annettje tried to hope their refuge would be undiscovered, but as the roar of blazing buildings mingled with the wild cries of the Indians, she felt the horror of seeing painted faces peer in upon their hiding place grow so strong as to be expectation, till she dragged the children with her into the cellar, and let the trap-door fall above them, feeling safer so. There the slow hours dragged themselves along. Wyntie sobbed herself to sleep with her head on her mother's knee; Peter, feeling that *he* must not cry, could only cling fast to his mother's gown with his tight little fingers, telling her not to be afraid, till he too fell asleep. Annettje dared not move lest she wake the sleeping baby and betray their presence to possible foes. The mere physical discomfort of her cramped position served indeed to relieve her mind of its nervous and spiritual tension until as silence once more fell upon them she found the anxious expectation of discovery subside into a vague sense of the weight of Wyntie's little head against her knee, and the ache in the arms which held the sleeping baby.

It must have been nearly midnight when the child woke and roused Annettje from the half stupor into which she had sunk. When she had hushed it again at her breast, she ventured to raise the trap. All was still. The fresh night air came in from the open window and revived her. She began to think, to plan. So far they were safe; but it was yet a precarious

safety. Somehow or other the journey to the Block House must be made. But how? If, as she must now suppose, there were bands of hostile Indians between her and it, the journey would be a perilous one for a defenceless woman to make. Nevertheless, it must be made, and it seemed best to Annettje that it should be done at once, by night, when the Indians would be off their guard. Then, too, the sooner word was brought to the settlement, the better for all. So she roused the children and set out.

It was clear starlight; she could barely see the blazed trees that marked the way to the settlement; once indeed, she missed the path and only found it again as by a miracle. The baby was now sleeping soundly; but there was the continual terror lest it should awake and cry, and the cry prove fatal to them; for several times on that journey she caught the gleam of the Indian camp-fires. The way, too, was a long and difficult one, and the children grew very tired. Wyntie dragged her little feet patiently along, crying silently to herself, until at last she sat down in the pathway, refusing to go further. Peter tried to carry her, but a few steps were too much for his strength. So Annettje gave him the baby, and herself took Wyntie in her arms, till the child was somewhat rested; then the mother relieved Peter, and so by dint of such changes the long journey was accomplished, the baby sleeping serenely through them all, only letting its little head fall back contentedly against the arms that received it. And when the first red was streaking the east, Annettje reached the stockade that guarded the Block House.

As she entered the place where the women were together, Marutje started up, and took the baby from her mother's arms. It wakened as she did so, with a loud and angry cry. "Now God be thanked!" said Annettje, devoutly, "had it wakened before, we had all been lost!"

"My father?" said Marutje, anxiously.

Annettje bowed her head. "The Lord's hand has been heavy upon me," said she, her sorrow sweeping over her. Then briefly she told her story.

"My heart is sore for my friend Jan Jansen," said Wiert Peters, "and for thee, Mistress Annettje; yet do thou thank God for them that remain."

"That do I," said Annettje, simply, "and may God defend us all!"

"Amen!" said Wiert Peters, with his hand upon his sword, and all the women echoed "Amen!"

Effie Banta.

THE ANGELUS.

The glowing evening light is in the west;
The day is almost done. Across the land
Comes faint and sweet the Angelus' command,
"Give God due praise and get thee to thy rest."

Two figures standing with heads bowed in prayer,
A man and woman, each in peasant dress;
She with clasped hands which 'gainst her bosom press,
He with his head bared to the evening air.

Lo, still they stand! God's presence sure is near,
God's comfort calmeth now the toil-worn heart,
Which stealeth from earth's weariness apart,
And seeketh Him, well knowing He will hear.

Two peasants and the sunset's golden light,
A church town, from which faint and sweet outrings
The Angelus. "Put by all earthly things;
Turn to thy rest. The dear God sendeth night."

JOSEPHINE P. SIMRALL.

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

I love to read the tales in merry rhyme
Of bold adventure or of jollity,
Wherewith those olden pilgrims passed their time;
And often have I wished that I might see
Upon their way that very company —
The dainty nun, the knight with burnished lance,
Most dear — the poet's gentle countenanee.

ADA MAY KRECKER.

A STUDY OF THE IMAGINATION IN BLAKE'S "BOOK OF THEL."

TWO poets at the early dawn of our century heralded the annunciation of a new birth to English verse. One of them, Burns, is known and loved by all men of whatever rank, age or education. The other, Blake, is known and loved by a few only. His songs are exquisite and simple, but his prophetic books are strange fancies, some even call them the products of a deranged mind.

Of these prophetic books the "Book of Thel" is the simplest. Its story is plain enough. Thel, the youngest of the daughters of the Seraphim, in sadness pours out her lament over the transiency and futility of life. The lily of the valley, the cloud and the worm, each tries to teach her the value of all life. Thel finally seems to learn. She wipes her tears and accepts their words. Then she is led by the clay clod into a terrible region of dark-

ness and lamentation. Voices mourn the corruption of the senses. All is evil and perverted. She had but dimly learned the lesson of the beauty of life. Now she is shown that everything is hideous and corrupt. It is too much. Thel shrieks and flees from the dreadful place back into the vales of Har.

That is all. Here the strange vision ends. What can it mean? Is the "Book of Thel" the dream of a madman, or is it the product of a mind profound as imaginative?

After dipping generally into the little volume of Blake's poems, which William Michael Rossetti, in his appreciation, edited, the sympathetic reader recognizes a mind and spirit so different from that of any preceding poet; so different in itself, in its various workings and manifestations, and so unlike the ordinary workings of even poet minds, that for ever this Blake, poet, painter, child, philosopher, mystic of mystics, must remain unapprehended and misunderstood by him.

We read the "Songs of Innocence," and we think we understand. Their perfect simplicity and trustfulness, their truth and sincerity, their spontaneity and artlessness of expression, and their musical loveliness, appeal to us and hold us. Beside this there is the elusive charm of Blake's imagination illuminating them with a light that is as a light from heaven.

"Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace.
Sweet babe, once like thee
Thy Maker lay and wept for me.

"Smiles on thee, on me, on all
Who became an infant small.
Infant smiles are his own smiles,
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles."

The quality of the imagination here is very spiritual, and enables Blake to find in the babe, as Wordsworth in the flower, "thoughts that often lie too deep for tears." Throughout all the poems there is an atmosphere of "Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love." He seems indeed to commune with the archangels, and the imagination is that which sees not the rising sun in the morning, but an innumerable company of the heavenly host, saying "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty."

We read the "Songs of Experience" and we see a different spirit. An

awe about them makes us stop and ponder. Some of them are hidden, strange. We do not understand. There is in some of them the note of inquiry that claims response in our hearts more than the confident trust of the earlier poems, for we do not see so clearly with the spiritual eye. Compare "The Lamb" and "The Tiger."

"Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
* * * * * *
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a lamb.
He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name,
Little Lamb, God bless thee;
Little Lamb, God bless thee."

"Tiger, Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?
* * * * * * *
When the stars threw down their spears
And watered Heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

There is a majesty about Blake now that was not there before. His imagination is grander and penetrates into higher regions of thought. Intensity of feeling gives strength to the imagery of certain words or phrases, and grandeur to the general conceptions. "Earth's Answer," "The Angel," "The Garden of Love," and many other poems illustrate this. All through these songs we feel the foreshadowing of that obscurity which, later, veils in mystery so much of Blake's work, especially his prophetic books, for here indeed

"He wanders like a day-appearing dream
Through the dim wildernesses of the mind."

The "Book of Thel" is a masterpiece of imaginative work, both in the strength of the general conception and in the power and beauty of the

imagery of certain lines. We recognize in it the combination of imaginative qualities that are seen separately in the "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience." In the former Blake was quick to see, intuitive, catching at the essence of a baby's thought or a flower's life, making us see with the clearness of his own vision the simple beauty and spirituality of life. All this we find in the "Book of Thel," especially from the first to the fourth canto. The spirit of the "Songs of Innocence," and the delicacy of their imagery we find in

> "Rejoice, thou humble grass, thou new-born lily flower,
> Thou gentle maid of silent valleys and of modest brooks,
> For thou shalt be clothed in light and fed with morning manna.

and in the Cloud's words,

> "O maid, I tell thee when I pass away
> It is to tenfold life, to love, to peace, to raptures holy,
> Unseen, descending, weigh my light wings upon balmy flowers,
> And court the fair-eyed Dew to take me to her shining treat,"

and in many other passages. The poem abounds in these dainty imaginative gems.

But suddenly, just as Thel has seemingly learned the lesson of the sanctity of all life—life sacred because all life has a purpose—comes the terrible, obscure vision of the fourth canto, and, mystified, we feel that Blake has gone beyond us,

> "Nor is it possible to thought
> A greater than itself to know."

Here intensified is the spirit of the "Songs of Experience." We ponder long over the strange vision. We cannot fathom the hidden meaning, we gain only a suggestion of the poet's thought.

When the human soul, for this Thel represents, from seeming to herself "born but to smile and fall" . . .

> "Like a reflection in a glass, like shadows in the water,
> Like dreams of infants, like a smile upon an infant's face,
> Like a dove's voice, like transient days, like music in the air,"

learns from the Lily-of-the-Valley that she, a modest flower, is "to flourish in eternal vales"; from the Cloud that

> "Everything that lives
> Lives not alone, nor for itself":

from the worm and the clod of clay that "He who loves the lowly" loves the worm and cherishes it, and gives to the mean clay clod to be the mother of earth's children, "a crown that none can take away," the soul is beginning to learn her own sanctity and the twofold lesson of these nature voices, usefulness in this life and eternity of life.

The lily nourished the innocent lamb, that Thel knew. The cloud fed the little flowers, that she knew. But that in one hour they did not fade and die, that she had to learn. She knew God loved the worm, but that he cherished it with milk and honey that it might live she never knew. The clod taught her this; taught her, too, the hard, deep lesson of self-abnegation. That it would be great usefulness and blessing for her, a shining woman, to become the nourisher of the weakest and most helpless, was new thought to Thel.

Thel learned all this. It would seem to us at first that the lesson was complete. Not so. Thel must be more confident of her high calling and divinity. She is a spirit. She is superior to the lily, the cloud, the worm and the clod. The clod takes her into the terrible regions of the purely physical and material, where no spiritual abides. She sees the "valleys dark" and hears the "voices of sorrow breathed from the hollow pit"; listens to their restless, unanswered questioning. Why must all this misery be? Why must the ear, the eye, the tongue, the nostril, all this over-human nature be thus corrupt and terrible? The vision is too awful. Thel starts from her seat and with a shriek flies back unhindered till she comes into the vales of Har.

Who can say that such was Blake's thought? Yet with even so poor an interpretation as this Blake's imagination appears in glory. It is like a great mountain extending from earth to sky, whose topmost summits are hung in mist, but which, though beyond our sight, we know towers into the purified regions above us.

The power to choose and group with wonderful effect, the power to see into the heart of things, to catch their hidden meaning as well as their perfect outward form, all this Blake has shown in this book. To study it line by line is only to appreciate how beautifully each thought in the general progression is illuminated by Blake's own mind and made to serve its purpose in the perfect development of the general thought.

It would be impossible to dwell upon the imaginative faculty as displayed in single lines. Already many wonderfully imaginative lines have been quoted, and it would be necessary to include almost the entire poem to make a complete study of this. All through the first part the imagination plays delicately over all. The similes follow each other in rapid succession and with a truth and fitness that is never at fault. In the fourth canto the imagery of the first two lines is but the herald of all the wonderful vision that follows. And with the abruptness of the closing lines the poem ends effectively—complete, wonderful, inexplicable.

Thus the study of the "Book of Thel" reveals Blake, not a madman nor an idle dreamer of dreams, but imbued indeed with the "faculty divine." In spite of all the dross he may have produced, he must still be a great poet, for nothing can take away from the truth and beauty of the vision which he saw on the Mount of God.

ELIZABETH A. TREBLIN.

THE PROCESS EMPLOYED.

I GAZE at the moon with one "star within its nether tip." This gaze is a prolonged one, but the moon is unabashed and unblushingly returns my look.

Nothing in the daily theme line in the moon's trail to-night.

Bathos! I'll eat an apple! And the worm housed at the core suggests itself a fitting subject for a page of neatly-written, terse English.

Who could write tersely and concisely of a worm? I must wriggle and writhe about this worm till I have at last—filled my page.

EMILY HOWARD FOLEY.

SLEEPLESSNESS.

Within,—
There are four low walls, and one overhead,—
White, white walls,—and a small white bed,
Where I lie with mine eyes wide-opened
For Sleep is sitting without.

Within,—
There's a wide-waked soul that sighs and sings
Restless thoughts of restful things;
There are dreams that beat on the walls with their wings,
For Sleep is sitting without.

Within,—
There's a wistful, wide-eyed wakefulness,
Never to be stilled unless
Sleep cometh in at the door to bless,—
And Sleep is sitting without.

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

A SUMMER RETREAT.

IT is a pine grove. The air is clear and cool, and the wind makes a gentle, rustling noise. The ground is covered with a rich, brown carpet, and the fragrance is sweet and strong. Sometimes the cows come up from the pasture and stand looking at us with their large, soft eyes. They look as if they were going to speak. The air is so free from loud noises that the little sounds are very distinct. We can hear a woodpecker tapping on one tree, and a squirrel is chattering merrily in the next. We know it is a gray squirrel from the sound it makes. The air is full of little buzzing things. They do not often light, but fly round in circles. Everything has a cool, dreamy color, and it gives us a happy feeling to lie on the needles with a cool breeze playing about our backs, and look up through the green boughs. There is a little piece of blue sky above them. Sometimes it is hidden for a moment, then the branches part again and the blue shines out deeper than before.

Editorial.

THE leading article in this number of the magazine is on a subject of vital interest to every member of the College, a subject which now claims the attention of teacher and student alike, as it has always received the deepest thought of the one and inspired the highest hopes of the other, — the subject of self-government for the College. We feel sure that the presentation of the subject as it appears in these pages will call forth a renewed discussion of its every phase; and since no one of us at this present time will deny the right and justice of the theory, and but few question the advisability of self-government, we would suggest that in the discussion, plans for its establishment here be more especially considered. What are the desires and hopes of the members of this college in regard to the methods by which it shall be governed in the years to come? what the reforms and changes that must take place in the near present? We earnestly hope that through the Free Press of the Magazine both the members of the faculty and the students will frankly express their opinions concerning this matter.

WE are glad to learn, this fall, that last year's plans for the establishment of a College Settlement in Boston are soon to be realized. A house has been secured on Tyler street, a side street leading off of Beach Street, and not far from the Boston and Albany station. The location is a very fortunate one, as it is in the midst of various classes of the working-people. The house is now being put in thorough repair, and when ready for occupation will, it is believed, prove attractive and homelike.

The names of those who are to make their home at the Settlement this winter include some experienced and efficient workers, and promise well for its success. Wellesley girls may be interested to know that two of our alumnæ, Miss Carol Dresser and Miss Maud Mason, are to enter this work. The plan of the settlement work in Boston will be along rather different lines from that in New York and other cities, as some branches of the work of the older Settlements are rendered unnecessary by the excellent philanthropic organization of Boston. The members of this Settlement will give

much careful attention and systematic study to social problems, and they hope that the intimate acquaintance with the working people, which ought to be gained through a life among them, will throw much light on the grave questions that are facing American society to-day, and will greatly aid in their solution.

We trust that all Wellesley girls will take a more active interest in the College Settlements' Association this year than ever before. The Wellesley Chapter hopes for a great increase in membership and enthusiasm. The Boston Settlement will naturally look to us for sympathy and assistance. Our Chapter is already planning to furnish a room in the house, if possible, and also to assist in the preparation of the household linen; doubtless, we shall find, throughout the year, many opportunities for giving definite, practical assistance to the Settlement, and surely Wellesley girls will be glad to avail themselves of such opportunities. This is a work that belongs peculiarly to us as college women, and hence every college girl ought at least to give it sufficient attention to gain a true understanding of its aims and methods. Such a knowledge of this work could hardly fail, we believe, to arouse a deep and active interest in it, and to win for it the glad and hearty support of all earnest college women.

TO those who, while admitting the general desirability of the cap and gown on æsthetic grounds, are troubled by questions of propriety or matters of detail, the actions of the Trustees of the University of Chicago may be of interest. We quote from the University of Wisconsin Daily Cardinal:

"The Board of Trustees of the University of Chicago have requested that the cap and gown be worn by students and professors participating in the exercises upon the following occasions:

1. When degrees are conferred or honors bestowed.
2. At all final examinations for high degrees.
3. At regular chapel service.
4. At all formal meetings of the faculties, the university council, and the university senate.

5. At all public lectures.
6. By students at all public exercises.
7. At all official university receptions.

It has been decided that there shall be six distinct gowns, one for head professors and professors, another for associate professors and assistant professors, a third for instructors to docents inclusive, a fourth for fellows, a fifth for graduate students, and a sixth for collegiate students."

The Free Press.

'93 CENSUS BULLETIN,

On the privilege of wearing the cap and gown during the senior year.

Total number in class organization		. . . . .	108
"	"	heard from	58
"	"	in favor of cap and gown	54
"	"	opposed to cap and gown	4

I.

The recent editorial on the subject of adopting in Wellesley the Oxford cap and gown entirely ignored the problem of clothing the faculty. The slight was doubtless unintentional, but the omission is serious. May one of the neglected class suggest the necessity of considering this side of the question?

Can this important body be left to the motley wear of cheviot and tweed, while the students go, black and dignified, in serge? Would it be possible for the tailor gown to instruct the scholar's drapery?

Plainly, if the younger part of the community adopts this costume, the older must follow. And if the American undergraduate does not hesitate to wear the gown of the English master of arts, there is nothing left to president, professor, instructor, if the balance of dignity is to be preserved, but the stately garments of vice-chancellor, doctor and dean.

Propriety demands this; nor would the costume be without its advantages. If the proper distinctions were made in cut and color, the garment, here as in England, would serve as an index to rank, and one's dignity would be even as one's coat-collar or one's sleeve. But, aside from mere utilitarian considerations, the æsthetic gain would be great. The fashion would bring with it beauty of form and color. Imagine the effect of the Doctor of Law's tam-o'-shanter, with its scrap of feathers, on the heads of departments! And think how the faculty gallery

would glow with color at morning chapel if the officers of the college appeared in the vivid purples, and the combinations of scarlet and pink, and of crimson and magenta, that mark the different doctorates!

II.

Presumably the cap and gown to which the advocates of the costume refer is that worn by the seniors on Tree-day. Perhaps it is not thoroughly understood that this is not the undergraduate gown of either Cambridge or Oxford, both of which are much shorter, the one reaching to the knees, the other to the waist-line only. It is not probable that the most earnest advocate of "scholarly folds" would care to see either of these gowns adopted at Wellesley. The gown worn at Tree-day is practically the master's gown of both the English universities, and which no member of the university may wear until he takes his master's degree, which he cannot do at Cambridge until three years after his bachelor's degree is conferred. It seems somewhat presumptuous to adopt as an undergratuate costume a gown borrowed from a university where it is permitted to be worn only by graduates of not less than three years' standing.

Let us hope that Wellesley will not increase the number of American colleges which ape English customs.

E. F. P., '86.

III.

The discussion of the cap and gown question is interesting, certainly, but is it not rather unnecessary? What purpose is it supposed to serve? Apparently all who take part in it think that there is at present some insuperable objection to their wearing the scholastic gown, which it is hoped this discussion will help to remove. But what is the obstacle? I cannot, for my own part, imagine why any one who wishes to wear the cap and gown should not do so. Sumptuary laws are out of date and there are no college rules regulating the dress of the students. If any upper or under-class girl, graduate, art or music student, chooses to array herself in a black robe and wear a particular style of head-dress, who or what is to prevent her from doing so? True, one does not wish to be the only wearer of a peculiar dress, but if there is really such a strong sentiment in favor of adopting the cap and gown, it would be easy for those who advocate it to find fifteen or twenty sharers of their views who would agree to wear the costume with them. This would form a very practical test of college feeling on the subject, and the innovators would soon find either that they were lost amidst the number of those hastening to adopt the graceful garb, or else that no one but themselves cared to wear it—in which case they would still be at perfect liberty

either to persevere or to give up the attempt and return to every-day attire. Evidently the girls at Wellesley either do or do not wish to wear the cap and gown. If they do not, it is a mere waste of time to discuss the advantages of the costume. If they do, there is no reason why they should not assume it.

'94.

IV.

The adoption of the cap and gown by the senior class of this or any American college, seems to me a retrogressive rather than a progressive movement. In the first place it is an incorrect copy of a well-established foreign custom; incorrect, in that the gown that we, as undergraduates, wish to wear is worn only by graduates abroad. If we are to follow custom, we have no right to this graduate gown until we have received our degrees. Many will claim that we do not intend to copy, that we can act independently and adopt any dress that we choose. The fact remains, however, that in adopting this dress, we *are* copying, whether intentionally or not, and that we shall be criticised on this ground. Then, aside from the question of appropriateness, the adoption of any uniform by college students seems to me undesirable. It certainly is not necessary in order to the better performance of scholarly work, and, especially in the case of the gown proposed, would probably prove a hindrance in the busy daily life of the college student.

Again, the adoption of a uniform by one class would tend to increase class distinction, which is already marked enough. I do not feel that, in a body of students who are fellow-workers for the same ends, class distinction should be emphasized, except in so far as the greater experience and development in character of the upper-class man entitle him to the respect and confidence of those of lower rank. The claim that the cap and gown add dignity to the wearer is largely false sentiment. A senior, if he has made the best use of his college course, is worthy of distinction, but this should rest upon his character, not upon his dress. Moreover, where the character of the wearer had no claim to respect, dishonor would be brought upon the cap and gown and its significance weakened. I am not speaking against the wearing of the cap and gown on Commencement Day, or, in our own college, on and after Tree-day. At that time our college work is practically over, and we can with propriety wear the symbol of its accomplishment. I cannot but feel, however, that the adoption of the cap and gown as a senior dress is inappropriate, and that it would place a limitation upon the attainment of the best condition for scholarly work, the breadth and independence of the individual.

Mary Brigham Hill, '93.

V.

"Haste is vulgar," says the proverb. Wellesley students are naturally opposed to vulgarity in every form, so it was with a sigh of relief that we found at the beginning of this term that the authorities had decided to give us ten minutes between recitations. Golden visions arose before us of what the intermission of the future would be. No more wild rushing from one part of the grounds to another; no more climbing four flights of stairs because the elevator is at the top and not a moment can be spared to wait for it; no more arriving too late to get the benefit of the teacher's first remarks. No, henceforth we should pass with dignified deliberation from one recitation room to another, take our seats, arrange our possessions, and, while waiting for the period to begin, calmly review the opening points of the coming recitation. So ran our dreams, but what is the reality?

You are reciting in a third or fourth floor room, for instance, at College Hall, when the bell rings. Theoretically, the class should be at once dismissed; practically, there is a very strong chance that the teacher will observe: "We have ten minutes now, you know, and I think I must keep you for this one point.' Or, perhaps she makes no remark of the kind; like Mark Antony, she "only speaks straight on." You are disappointed, but after all a minute or two will not make much difference; you can hurry a little. Two minutes are gone; you begin to feel uneasy. Three minutes; all over the room girls are furtively adjusting their hats and piling their books together. Four minutes; you do not hear what the teacher is saying, for you are engaged in calculating just how quickly you can get across to the Art Building; also in abstractedly watching the girls who from time to time open the door, look in and then retreat, and in wondering whether they want to get in half as badly as you want to get out. Five minutes gone; you long to get up and leave the room, but that would be so rude. Would it really be any greater discourtesy, though, to this teacher than arriving late will be to your instructor of the next period? But you never settle that question, for at last you hear the welcome words of dismissal, and grasping your books you hurry frantically to the scene of your next appointment, arriving, heated, breathless and indignant, just in time to disturb the whole class and to compel a repetition of the first few minutes' work.

Such is the difference between what might have been and what is. It is discouraging, but what can you do about it? Perhaps it might be utilized as a training in patience and self-control; otherwise, it seems likely to be a permanent vexation of the spirit to you. '94.

VI

JUSTICE IS GREATER THAN MERCY.

HAVE we, in this latter half of the nineteenth century, mistaken our ideal of conduct? Is our ruling principle of action, after all, unworthy of us? The present may very well be called, among other things, an age of generosity and philanthropic enterprise, a period when mercy stands pre-eminent among virtues. We glorify it in the Divine Nature, we advocate it in society, we extol it in the individual. Great public buildings devoted to the use of benevolent associations, line our streets; missions, refuges, charities. proclaim themselves on all hands. The morning papers announce the latest philanthropic scheme with as great energy as they do the last bit of political gossip. The clergy preach charity from the pulpit, great manufacturers pride themselves on their generosity toward employees, society circles call lack of interest in "the poor" positively bad form. We have, no doubt, reason to congratulate ourselves upon all this. Kindness and generosity are in themselves good, philanthropic fads probably accomplish something while they last.

But in the midst of this fervor of generosity, we seem to be forgetting another virtue, more fundamental than mercy, and ordinarily more heroic and more nearly divine — the virtue of simple justice. I do not, of course, mean to say that circumstances never arise in which mercy is nobler or more desirable than justice, but only that such circumstances are comparatively rare. Undoubtedly, some of us hold as the sweetest and most inspiring experiences of our lives certain isolated instances of totally undeserved kindness; but just as surely do many of us remember, with an indignant sense of wrong, the offering to us as gifts of what we knew to be our inherent right. If the first experience is inspiring, the second is crushing or maddening.

I claim, therefore, that justice and not mercy is more needed in human action to-day, that justice and not mercy should, except under extraordinary conditions, be the goal of human endeavor.

In the first place, that which poses as generosity is often not generosity at all, but disguised selfishness. Mercy as a veil for injustice is fast ceasing to be an anomaly. To use mercy to cloak indolence, avarice, contempt, dislike is to add to the original injustice the greatest conceivable wrong. To crush, to degrade, and then to pauperize with charity is vicious. Even in theology, we cannot believe, say what we will, in the mercy of God before we are convinced of His perfect justice. Mercy may be beautiful, pure, and heavenly, but it is too often only the whited outside of a sepulchre full of all uncleanness.

In the second place, that which poses as generosity is often nothing more than

justice. And, as I said above, justice under a false name is exasperating. People sometimes prefer to call their acts benevolent, they like the look of the word in the newspapers, but in reality a man ordinarily finds his hands quite full in giving other men their due, and any more aspiring claim rests upon a false foundation.

Again, justice is much more in accordance with the demands of the masses of humanity to-day. Man is not now asking from his fellow man pity, indulgence, patronage; he does not plead to be petted and pauperized. He feels the sense of his birthright stirring within him and pushes from him weak sentimentality. It was a Boston working-girl who said, with indignant tears filling her eyes, "I don't want their charity, I'll have none of their charity, I want my rights." The world is growing young again and strong with the breath of a new century. Give man a chance, a free, unimcumbered chance, and he is proud to work out his future in the strength of his own arms. Crowd him and harass him, chain down his muscles and fetter his brain, and though you pet and fondle him to the end of time, you have in him but a spiritless wreck.

Finally, in our democratic land there is logically little opportunity for mercy. Mercy must come from above, from the superior to the inferior. If it droppeth as the gentle rain, it must drop from heaven, for if it appear out of the earth we shall call it but the damp and gruesome exudation of an unwholesome morass. Therefore let only him that is without sin among us presume to be merciful, and let all the rest humbly turn themselves to the study of simple justice.

After all, generosity is, in many cases, an easy thing, easy in proportion to the indolence and indifference of the agent; it is also a pleasant thing, for one has but to do a little generous act, to show a little mercy, and the world is down on its knees in hero-worship. One has but to throw a few dollars aside in charity, and the laurel wreath drops upon his head. But justice is not easy, for it requires thought and patience and great care. It is not pleasant, for, if one be just, then perhaps the world calls him a fool, or perhaps it only shrugs its shoulders, and says, "What honor is there for such a man? What reward has he? He is still but an unprofitable servant, he has done only that which it was his duty to do." No work of supererogation is possible to the man who is merely just. Nevertheless, when the end comes, perhaps he and such as he will alone be recognized among the faithful. And so I have claimed that justice is greater — more important — in society than mercy; positively, because it is the logical outcome of democratic principles, because it is what man is demanding, and because it is, after all, what, under various other names, we all so much admire; negatively, because, not always, but far too often, mercy must involve a sin of either omission or commission.

ANNIE B. TOMLINSON.

Exchanges.

ONCE more our exchange table begins to assume a familiar aspect, as one by one our old-time friends appear upon it. We are glad also to welcome some new acquaintances, most prominent among which is the "Harvard Graduates' Magazine," a ponderous-looking periodical containing wise and weighty matter. It is entirely without that tone of immaturity which is the prevailing characteristic of too many of our college publications. As we open its pages we feel that here, at least, we have no assumption, no mere theorizing, but rather practical articles written by men of practical experience, who "know whereof they speak."

Among the undergraduate magazines, the Harvard Monthly is the most attractive of October's issues. It opens with an interesting paper, "Six Years of Voluntary Chapel," by Francis G. Peabody, the Plummer Professor of Christian morals at the University. He draws a striking comparison between the workings of the old method of "Compulsory Chapel" and the new voluntary system, drawing his conclusions decidedly in favor of the latter. "Why," he asks, "should we not give religion a fair chance among the many interests of college life, and then trust to the intrinsic importance of the subject for its survival?" He points out the advantages of the system of privilege applied to mind and body, as seen in the success of the elective system in both the intellectual and physical courses offered by the university, and then demands why this privilege should not also be applied to the "highest human interests—the interests of the soul." He concludes by stating that the new plan "is significant as an act of faith," while the old system is one, "not of faith, but doubt."

Another readable article found in this number of the Monthly is on "George Eliot's Theory of Realism" as drawn from her letters; it is well written and full of interest.

The "Yale Literary Magazine" gives us a short sketch entitled "A Poet of the Intellect." The writer would give Emerson a place in the rank of true poets, claiming that "harmony of thought" compensates for lack of melody and the faults in metrical construction.

"The Vassar Miscellany" opens with a brief article on that popular writer of the day, James M. Barrie. An outline sketch of his life is given, and an interesting question proposed as to the permanence of his works.

Turning over the pages we find in the same number a sketch of "The Present State of National Politics," presenting concisely the questions now at issue before the country.

"The Trinity Tablet" contains a touching little story of the time of the French Revolution,—"Amie,"—a mere fragment picture, but well drawn.

We search our exchanges in vain this month for any bits of verse which we can consider as really worthy of notice. There is a great deal of doggerel, even some attempts at more lofty flight, but the wings of Pegasus evidently drooped and failed before the writer reached the height which he would have attained.

The verse we liked best is found in the "Vassar Miscellany":

EBB TIDE.

Since now the tide is out,
Though sunset plumes the sky with rosy cloud,
Upon the bar the running breakers crowd
No more in merry rout.
Along the beach are pools with opal glow,
And sands that rival pearl-lined ocean shell;
From out her silent heavens Peace bends low
And whispers, "All is well,
The tide is out."

Left by the ebbing tide
My stranded boat lies high upon the sands;
There is no strength within my weary hands
To drag it o'er this wide,
Smooth beach, nor in my heart aught of desire
To battle with the waves. We do not feel
How of vain rowing eager arms can tire,
Until alone beside our boat we kneel,
Left by the ebbing tide.

The following may be of interest, as touching directly upon a question at present agitating our college world.

IN CAP AND GOWN.

In cap and gown I saw her go,
The daintiest sight the world could show;
The cap aslant with mocking air,
The gown blown lightly here and there,
I watched her with my heart aglow.

Throughout the passing centuries slow,
In many garbs maids come and go—
Sweet souls! they had been twice as fair
In cap and gown.

O, Grecian girls in robes of snow,
O, satin belles of long ago,
However gay your dress, or fair,
I tell you ye could not compare
With the new maid ye cannot know—
In cap and gown.

BRYN MAWR LANTERN.

Book Reviews.

We find various new publications upon our study table this month, with notices of others which are to appear in the near future.

Among the most interesting of these new books is a collection of the Prefaces of Wordsworth, edited by A. J. George, and published by D. C. Heath & Co. It presents to us in convenient form those Prefaces which are so important a part of the works of Wordsworth, and also his "Essays on Poetry," and the "Letter to Lady Beaumont." Students of literature as well as all the lovers of the great poet, will find this little volume a valuable edition to their library.

We also welcome heartily a new edition of "Addison's Criticism on Paradise Lost," edited, with introduction and notes, by Albert G. Cook, Professor of the English language and literature at Yale University. Publishers, Ginn & Co.

Mr. Cook gives us another interesting work entitled "The Art of Poetry," a new collection and edition of "The Poetical Treatises of Horace, Vida and Borlean," both in the original and translated.

"Goethe's Faust, Part I.," edited by Calvin Thomas, with English introduction and notes, will be received with pleasure by many who require English aid in their German reading. D. C. Heath & Co.

Among the new text books we may mention, "The Beginner's Greek Book," by Professor John White of Harvard University. Published by Ginn & Co.

An "English Grammar," by Harriet Mathews. D. C. Heath & Co.

"Studies in American History," by Mary Sheldon Barnes, formerly Professor of History at Wellesley. D. C. Heath & Co.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, will issue the last of October, "Heyse's L'Arrab-

biata," edited with notes and vocabulary by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt, director of German Instruction in the Washington High School.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, will issue, the last of October, George Sand's "La Mare au Diable," edited, with introduction and notes, by Professor F. C. de Sumichrast of Harvard University.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, issue, about October 19, "A Primary French Translation Book," by W. S. Lyon and G. de H. Larpent, England.

"Catullus." Edited with Introduction and Notes, by Professor Elmer T. Merrill, of Wesleyan University. Ready this winter. Ginn & Co., Publishers.

"Progressive Pamphlets for Learning to Read Latin." Edited by Professor J. B. Greenough of Harvard University. Ginn & Co., Publishers.

Alumnae Notes.

Miss Marian Metcalf, '80, is teaching in the Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va.

Miss Marian Marsh, '80, is studying medicine in New York City. Her address is 279 E. Broadway.

Mrs. Sarah W. Paul, '81, is spending the winter in Italy.

Miss Vryline Wilder Buffum, '81, is principal of the Oak Grove School for Girls, at Amherst, Mass.

Mrs. Crowell, Martha Guilton, '80, is teaching in Portland, Oregon.

Miss Laura Jones, '82, is teaching Bible and History in Chicago University.

The present address of Miss Julia Harding, '86-'88, is with Mrs. Isaac Morton, 49 Vanderventer Place, St. Louis, Missouri.

Elizabeth Wallace, '86, and Maud Wilkinson, '89, hold fellowships in Chicago University.

Mrs. Elbridge Whiting, Louise Adams, '86-'89, is living in Springfield, Mass.

Delia Smith, formerly of '94, will spend her junior year at Vassar.

Clara A. Walton, '92, is taking her post-graduate course at Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania.

Mary Sawyer, '88, is taking a post-graduate course at Wellesley.

The address of Mrs. Harriet Farnsworth Gulick, '88, is 101 Hammond street, Cambridge, Mass.

The address of Miss F. T. Brown, '88, for the winter, is 88 Rutledge street, Charleston, S. C.

Sarah H. Groff, '89, is teaching in a private school in Greenwich, Conn.

Katherine E. Horton, '89, is teaching mathematics in the Connecticut Literary Institution at Suffield, Conn.

Mary A. Sefft, '89, is acting temporarily as assistant secretary for the Woman's American Baptist Home Missionary Society.

Dr. Helen Baldwin, '88, is settled for the winter in the New England Hospital in Boston.

Miss Annie L. Dingley, '89, is teaching in Philadephia.

The present address of Mrs. Charles Mason Dutcher, who was Helen Harris, '86-'88, is 47 Cambridge place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The address of Mrs. Arthur L. Livermore, Henrietta Wells, '87, is Gray Oaks, Yonkers, N. Y.

Anne Bosworth, '90, holds the position of professor of mathematics in the Rhode Island College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts at Kingston, R. I.

Alice Cary Baldwin, '90, is this year in the Walton School, Philadelphia. Her address is 2101 Spruce Street.

The present address of Mrs. Frederic G. Sikes, Camilla Gowans, '90, is 35 Irving place, Buffalo.

The address of Miss Bessie Blakeslee, '91, is 16 Harris Street, Brookline, Mass.

Maud M. Taylor, '91, is teaching literature in the Elgin High School. Her address is 75 College Street, Elgin, Illinois.

Rachel R. Hartwell, '91, is in the Watertown High School, teaching physics and chemistry, and living at home.

Mary Louise Danielson, '91, is teaching at St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Oregon.

Laura A. Batt, '91, is teaching in the Wakefield High School, Wakefield, Mass.

Ada Woolfolk, '91, is teaching English in a St. Louis private school. Her address is 2934 Lucas avenue.

Miss Stimson, '92, is keeping house for her father. Her address is 34 E. 33d street, New York City.

Elinor K. Bruce, '92, is teaching in Stoneham, Mass.

Alice Pierce, '92, is in the Newburyport High School, teaching English, History and Literature.

Agnes M. Shaw, '92, is teaching at North Granville, N. Y.

Blanche Whitlock, '92, is spending the winter in Huntington, Indiana.

The engagement is announced of Elizabeth Grier Strong, '92, to Mr. John Raven of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The present address of Maud Mason, '87-'91, is 95 Rivington Street, New York city.

Harriet Newell Gage, '92, is teaching the classics in the Free Academy in Catskill, N. Y.

Anna Arnold, '90, is teaching in the Worcester High School.

Florence H. Myrick, '92, and Anna L. Winegar, '92, are studying art in Paris.

Antoinette Cary, formerly of '93, is at present private secretary to Miss Talbot in Chicago University.

The address of Roberta Z. Allen, '89-'91, is Portsmouth Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H.

Susie May Lum, '89-'92, is teaching instrumental music and taking vocal lessons in Chatham, N. J.

Isabel Darlington, '86, who has been abroad this summer, is now in West Chester, Penn.

Olive Davis, '86, who has been teaching in Philadelphia, is now at her home in Honeoye Falls, N. Y.

Alice Bothwell, '90, spent the Sunday of November 6 at Wellesley.

Alice Bothwell, '90, Elizabeth Hoyt, '91, Mary Hazard and Cora Stewart were present at the Z. A. meeting, November 6, held in Elocution Hall.

Marion Parker, '91, Frances Lance, '92, Martha Goddard, 92, Geraldine Longley, '92, and Caroline Dresser, '90, were present at the Phi Sigma meeting, November 6.

The Boston Wellesley College Club held its sixth regular meeting at the college on Saturday, October 29th. In spite of the usual inclement weather about thirty-five members assembled in the faculty parlor at 3 o'clock. A short business meeting was held, Miss True in the chair. The resignation of the secretary, Miss Sue L. Cushman, '91, was received. Miss Minnie A. Morss, '91, was elected to fill the position. A discussion as to the future character of the meetings was held. The general desire seemed to be to keep them of a purely social nature. Miss True announced that Miss Shafer had been prevented from giving a report on the college news at this meeting. A social hour was passed by the members afterwards. Many new members were welcomed from the ranks of '92. The address of the secretary is, Minnie E. Morss, 3 Sargent St., Dorchester, Mass.

COLLEGIATE ALUMNÆ MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Chicago Association of Collegiate Alumnæ was held yesterday in their club rooms in the Athenæum Building. The business meeting convened at eleven o'clock and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Martha Foote Crow, Syracuse University; vice-president, Mrs. I. K. Blackwelder, Kansas University; secretary, Miss Harriet Stone, Wellesley College; treasurer, Miss Florence Babcock, Northwestern University. Directors, Miss Marion Talbott, Boston University; Miss Helen Tunnicliff, Vassar; Miss Rosie Mason, Oberlin; Miss May Winston, Wisconsin University; Miss Ellen Holt, Smith. At the afternoon session Mrs. Crow delivered an address on "The Status of Education for Women in Europe," during which she paid a high tribute to the scholarship of the English college woman.

FACULTY.

During this summer, under the direction of Dr. William T. Harris, Mrs. Martha Foote Crowe, who taught History in Wellesley College from '82 to '84, has been investigating Woman's Education in various institutions abroad. She is now Professor of Literature in Chicago University.

The present address of Miss Louise M. Hodgkins is Auburndale, Mass.

College Notes.

The celebration of Hallow E'en was divided between two evenings this year. College Hall, Waban and the Elliot had the usual fancy dress supper Saturday evening. At Freeman the celebration consisted of a triple entertainment gotten up by the dwellers on the three floors, for the benefit of the household and a few invited guests. At Stone Hall the occasion was delightfully celebrated by a play given Monday afternoon by the seniors, to the other members of the house. Wood and Norumbega most fittingly commemorated the day by phantom parties Monday evening.

On November 2 Miss Shafer announced to the College that the Academic Council had granted the petition of the students to substitute "Senior Day" for the day formerly given up to the entertainment of their friends by the Juniors.

The concert by the Smith family on the evening of Columbus Day was a success, socially, musically and financially. The gymnasium was crowded with an enthusiastic audience, and from the proceeds from the sale of tickets, librettos and programs, and the auction, the funds for the boat-house and the Norumbega piano received a large increase.

There was a largely attended Prohibition Rally in the Chapel Saturday evening, October 22. The chairman was Miss Mary Young, the speakers of the evening being Miss Maud Thompson, Miss Fowler and Miss Bixby. Miss Thompson spoke twice, taking, besides her own part, that of Miss Weed, whose appearance illness prevented.

The Democratic Rally was held in the Chapel Saturday evening, October 29. Miss Bertha Jackson was chairman, and Miss Trebein, Miss Lucas, Miss Buffington and Miss Hardee addressed the meeting.

On the evening of Monday, October 24, there was given in the Chapel a delightful presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the text being read by Mr. George Riddle, and Mendelssohn's music played by the Bernhard Listemann Concert Company. It was given through the Helen Kate Furness Fund, under the direction of the department of literature. Scenes were read from Acts II, III, IV and V. The musical numbers included the Overture, Scherzo, Fairie's March, Intermezzo, Notturno and Wedding March, beside the incidental music.

The first of the course of entertainments for the benefit of the Munroe Fund, a reading by Mr. A. P. Burbank, was held in the College Chapel Monday evening, October 31. The program included "The Man who Was," by Kipling; two scenes from "Rip Van Winkle," the grave-diggers' scene from "Hamlet," and several comic selections.

On the evening of Saturday, November 5, there was a most timely lecture on the History of the Tariff from a Republican Standpoint, given by Mr. George M. Dewey.

The Republicans of the College held an enthusiastic rally on the evening of November 7. Miss Peterson was the chairman, and Miss Frear, Miss Grenell, Miss McPherson and Miss Laughlin were the speakers.

The Agora Society held its regular meeting October 15; the topic for discussion on that evening being "The Functions of the President and his Cabinet." Miss Benson, '94, and Miss McNair, Special, have recently been elected members of the Agora.

The October meeting of the Shakespeare Society, postponed from October 29, was held in the Art Library on Saturday evening, November 5. The Society

was happy to welcome back Miss Elinor Green, Miss Cornelia Green and Miss Anna Wilkinson, all of '92, who attended the meeting, and also to welcome for the first time its two new honorary members, Miss Knox and Miss Sherwood, and its new regular members, Miss Adeline Bonney, '94, and Miss Grace Weymouth, '95. Following is the program of the evening:

Eighteenth Century Comedy.

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Miss Pope
II. The Rise of Drama in Comedy . . . . . Miss Lincoln
III. Dramatic Representation.

She Stoops to Conquer. Act V.

Hastings . . . . . Miss Feeny.
Tony Lumpkin . . . . . Miss Newman.
Mrs. Hardcastle . . . . . Miss Bartholomew.
Mr. Hardcastle . . . . . Miss Randolph.

IV. Talk. The Shakespeare Revival under Garrick . . Miss Mudgett
V. A Study of Eighteenth Century Wit . . . . Miss Blake
VI. Dramatic Representation.

The Rivals. Act I. Scene II.

Lucy . . . . . Miss Capps.
Lydia . . . . . Miss Wells.
Mrs. Malaprop . . . . . Miss Crapo.
Sir Anthony . . . . . Miss Anderson.

VII. Debate. The drama of the later eighteenth century confirms Carlyle's statement that the eighteenth century world was effete.

Affirmative. Miss Stahr.
Negative. Miss Pierce.

The Republican clubs of the various cottages were present with banners and transparencies displaying party watchwords. After the rally there was a torchlight procession through the college grounds, over three hundred students being in line.

The voting conducted by the Agora Society, according to the Australian ballot system on November 8, showed the following result:

Total number of votes cast	557
Mismarked	27
Republican	377
Democratic	95
Prohibitionist	57
People's Party	1

A lecture, illustrated by stereopticon views, was given by Professor Denio in the physical lecture room, November 11. The lecture was given in connection with History of Art. I.

The Democrats celebrated their victory by a banquet and torchlight parade, Saturday evening, November 12. At the banquet, held in the gymnasium, the following toasts were responded to:

Our President-elect	Miss Monroe, '93.
Mrs. Cleveland	Miss Trebein, '93.
The Democratic Platform	Miss W. Fostor, '93.
The Democracy of Wellesley	Miss Newman, '93.
Free Trade	Miss Kendall.
The Solid South	Miss Simrall, '93.
The Democracy of Indiana	Miss Buffington, '94.
The Republican Mourners	Miss Dillingham, '93.
Our Great Men	Miss Stahr, '94.
Our Party	Miss A. Bigelow, '93.
Our Flag	Prof. Hayes.

Professor Hill and Miss Hill of '93 received the Beethoven Society and the faculty of the School of Music in the Norumbega parlors, Monday afternoon, November 14.

At a meeting of past editors of Wellesley publications at Wellesley, June 22, 1892, the Wellesley Alumnæ Press Association was formed and a constitution adopted. A voluntary dollar subscription for the current year was suggested, to meet the expenses of the Association and to furnish a prize to be offered at the discretion of the president of the Association and the Editor-in-chief of the Wellesley Magazine. The following officers were chosen: president, Miss Baker, '92; vice-president, Miss Stimson, '92; secretary and treasurer, Miss Barrows, '90.

The constitution adopted was as follows:

This organization shall be called the Wellesley Press Association.

The object of this organization shall be to increase interest in the Wellesley press, to raise the standard of Wellesley journalistic work, and to promote intercourse among the editors of Wellesley publications.

The members of this Association shall include all who have at any time served as regularly elected editors on any publication issued by the students of Wellesley College. Undergraduate editors shall be received at the meetings as guests.

The officers of the Association shall be a president, vice-president and a secretary, who shall also act as treasurer.

The editor-in-chief of the Wellesley Magazine for the past year shall act as president of the Association.

The other officers shall be elected by the members of the Association at the annual meeting.

The meetings of the Association shall be held annually at Wellesley College on Alumnæ Day.

Special meetings may be called, if necessary, at the direction of the president.

Rev. Henry G. Spaulding announces a very attractive course of five illustrated lectures in Union Hall, Boston. The special topics are: 1. "Vesuvius and the Vesuvian Bay"; 2. "Pompeii: the 'Jewel Box' of Antiquity"; 3. "Pagan Rome: Palaces and Pleasures of the Cæsars"; 4. "Christian Rome: St. Peter's Church"; 5. "'Our Italy': Picturesque California." Mr. Spaulding's lectures are exceptionally educational in character. They are given the present season at Smith College, the Ogoutz School, Lasell Seminary, and in many other places. In Boston he gives a double course of evening and afternoon lectures, the evening course beginning Thursday, November 17, and the matinees on Saturday, November 19.

Miss Merrill, '95, is not a member of the Art Society, as was erroneously stated in the October number of the magazine.

The business managers request all those who wish to subscribe for the Magazine, but who cannot pay in advance, to send their names to Miss Wilcox.

The first inter-collegiate invitation tennis tournament was held at Bryn Mawr College, October 21 and 22, Miss Maddison and Miss France representing Girton College, Cambridge, England; Miss Whittelsey, Miss Arnold and Miss Lothrop

representing the Harvard Annex; Miss Putnam and Miss Underhill representing Bryn Mawr.

October 21 the following matches were played:

SINGLES.

Miss Whittelsey, Miss Maddison. } Miss Whittelsey, 6–2, 6–4.

Miss Arnold, Miss Putnam. } Miss Putnam, 6–4, 11–9.

Miss Underhill, Miss Lothrop. } Miss Underhill, 6–0, 6–3.

Miss France, bye.

OCTOBER 22, SINGLES.

Miss Whittelsey, Miss Putnam. } Miss Whittelsey, 8–6, 6–3.

Miss Underhill, Miss France. } Miss France, 6–2, 6–3.

Miss Whittelsey, 6–3, 6–2.

DOUBLES.

Miss Lothrop, Miss Arnold, Miss Putnam, Miss Underhill. } Miss Putnam, Miss Underhill, 6–2, 6–0.

Miss France, Miss Maddison, 6–1, 6–1.

Miss France, Miss Maddison, bye

Bryn Mawr will hold her second tournament in the autumn of 1893.

Society Notes.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Classical Society, held Saturday evening, October 15, the following new members were received into the Society: Miss Beatrice Stepanek and Miss Caroline Peck of '94, Miss Annie Chute and Miss Mary Chapin of '95.

On Saturday evening, October 15, the Art Society held its first program meeting for the year, and received the following new members: Miss Nan Pond and Miss Mary Larned, '93; and Miss Jane Williams, '94.

The program of the meeting was as follows:

A Summer in Europe:
Talk . . . . . Miss Denio

Tableaux:
a. "Romeo and Juliet."
Three scenes from drawings by F. Hicksee.
b. "La Promessa Spoca," from painting by H. Woods.

On November 2, Miss Bridgman was received into the Art Society. The program of the meeting on that evening was as follows:

Greek Drama:
Paper, Characteristics of Greek Drama . . Miss H. MacMillan
Reading. Scenes from Œdipus Rex . . . . Miss A. Reed
Tableaux.

On November 5 Zeta Alphá held the regular program meeting.

At the regular meeting of Phi Sigma, held in Society Hall, October 15, Miss Caroline Hough, of the Special organization, and Miss Elizabeth Stark of '95 were initiated. The program was as follows:

The Poet of Passion.

I. Morris' Childhood and Youth . . . . . Miss Shultz
II. Recitations
Summer Dawn . . . . . Miss James
Praise of My Lady . . . . . Miss Porter
III. Passion in Morris . . . . . Miss Longley
IV. Reading
The Wind . . . . . Miss Page
V. Study: The Romantic Spirit in Morris . . . . Miss Simrall
VI. Illustration of the Romantic Spirit.
The Blue Closet.
a. Interpretation .. . . . . Miss Holmes
b. Recitation.
VII. General Discussion.
Did the first volume of Morris foretell an epic poet?
Leaders: Miss Hill,
Miss Ruddle.

On November 5, Phi Sigma's third meeting of the year was held in Society Hall. The program was as follows:

"A Dreamer of Dreams, Born out of My Due Time."

I. Music.
II. Morris the Modern Chaucer . . . . . Helen James
III. Morris's Use of the Original Greek and Norse Stories . Miss Count
IV. Song.
V. Comparison of Greek and Norse Ideals of Beauty. . Miss Tooker
VI. Song.
VII. General Discussion:

How far is it legitimate and possible for the modern poet to reproduce the ancient spirit?

Leaders: Miss Huntington, Miss Porter.

Marriages.

CONVERSE—WHITE. Sept. 1, at Owosso, Michigan, Gertrude White, Sp., '88-90, to Frank E. Converse.

ALLISON—YOUNG. Oct. 12, at Louisville, Ky., Mary P. Young, '90, to Burt McVeagh Allison.

KROHN—WEAVER. Sept. 7, at New London, Conn., Hattie Brockney Weaver, '89, to Prof. Wm. Otterbein Krohn.

EDWARDS—ALDEN. Oct. 27, at Camden, Me., Mae Louise Alden, '91, to William Pierpont Edwards.

EDDY—FULLER. June 8, at West Newton, Mary E. N. Fuller, formerly of '92, to to Clinton L. Eddy. At home, Cherry street, West Newton.

Births.

In Cambridge, Mass., July 8, a son, Henry Wells Livermore, to Mrs. Henrietta Wells Livermore, '87.

In Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 21, a son, John Fletcher, 2d, to Mrs. Bertha Holbrook Moffett, 85.

Deaths.

In Washington, early in August, Mrs. William C. P. Breckenridge, mother of Sophonisba Breckenridge, '88.

In Marlboro, Mass., Oct. 4, Mrs. Stephen Morse, mother of Mrs. Mary Morse Richardson, '87.

In Auburndale, Mass., Oct. 17, John Brigham Stewart, father of Cora Stewart, '86-'91.

College Bulletin.

Monday evening, November 28, Concert.

Saturday evening, December 3, Talk by Dr. Underwood on "Manners and Customs in Corea," illustrated by costumes and curios.

Sunday, December 4, preaching in the Chapel by Rev. A. H. Plumb, followed by communion service.

Sunday, December 4, at 7.30, a talk by Dr. Underwood on Mission Work in Corea.

Sunday, December 11, preaching in the Chapel by Dr. Miller of Philadelphia.

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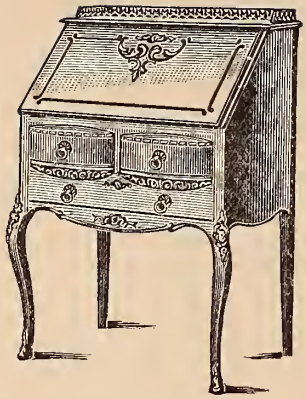

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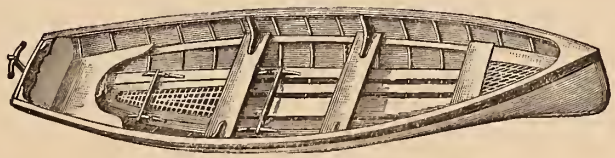

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